

HERALD WANT ADS WILL
GET YOU WHAT YOU WANT
OR SELL OR EXCHANGE FOR
YOU WANT YOU DON'T WANT

Greencastle Herald.

WEATHER FORECAST
Fair tonight and Wednesday;
cooler central and south portion
tonight.

VOL. 2. NO. 122.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1907.

PRICE ONE CENT.

SAWS WERE BOUGHT HERE

NEW FACTS REGARDING THE
JAIL DELIVERY ARE EACH
DAY COMING TO LIGHT.
STRANGER PURCHASED A DOZ-
EN STEEL CUTTERS AT HAM-
LTON'S HARDWARE STORE.

BELIEVED TO BE ELWOOD MAN

Letter Asking Woman to Have "Bert"
Come to Greencastle and Bring
Tools Was Sent by Simpson Boys.
Carried to Postoffice by Another
Prisoner.

The saws with which the Simpsons
sawed out bars at the county jail and
gained their liberty were bought in
Greencastle by a stranger. This
stranger went to Hamilton's Hard-
ware store Wednesday and asked the
clerk for some metal saws. After
closely examining them he bought a

dozen and left the store. The same
man went to Fred Weik's blacksmith
shop and asked if they kept saws,
metal saws. This probably was be-
fore he went to the Hardware store.
It is believed by the sheriff that the
stranger was a relative of the Simp-
son boys.

Sheriff Maze learned Monday that
"Penny" Fry a local boy, who a short
time ago, was in jail serving a short
sentence, carried a letter to the post-
office for the Simpson boys the day
he was released. Fry was found by
sheriff Monday and confessed to mail-
ing the letter. He said that he read
the letter. It was addressed to a
woman in Elwood. The latter asked
her to have "Bert" come to Green-
castle and bring some saws. It said
that they could get out if anyone
would help them.

It is probable that the man who
passed the saws up to them was the
mysterious "Bert." It was also
learned Monday that the boys took
the 2 o'clock train out of Greencastle
Saturday night. It is believed that
they went to Louisville.

COWBOYS BEAT RED MEN

The local Red Men were not match
for the Cowboy team which played
here Monday afternoon. The Cow-
boys were the real things when it
came to tossing the leather. They
plied up 17 runs during the nine in-
nings while the Red Men were able
to get only one tally over the plate.

Wanted—Girl for general house
work, no washing or ironing. The
best of wages for competent girl. Ap-
ply to Mrs. F. C. Tilden, 632 E. Semi-
nary street, phone 307. 2t.

INSTITUTE IN FULL SWAY

The Second Day of the Institute
Opens With More Than One Hun-
dred and Fifty Present. Regular
Instructors Speak.

MUSIC IS STILL AN ATTRACTION

The second day of the Putnam
County Teachers' Institute opened
with more than 150 teachers in at-
tendance, and a large number of vis-
itors. The music, under the direc-
tion of Mr. Maxwell, still continues to
be a drawing card. At 9:15 the room
was well filled, and a number that
felt they could not stay for the rest
of the program listened in the halls
till the music was over. Tennyson's
"Crossing the Bar," was the song se-
lected to be learned, and it was well
and appreciably sung after a few
trials.

The devotional exercises were con-
ducted by Dr. Hoagland. In a short
address to the teachers he declared
that to him education meant not only
fact, but training—training of mind
and will that should lead to self mas-
tery and self conquest.

The first half hour was taken by
Miss Ridpath in a discussion of com-
position. At the very beginning she
stated some fundamental truths. She
declared that composition had been
neglected in the schools. Not the
matter of producing the things called
compositions. The students had
been over burdened with that. But
the teaching how, the instruction in
composition had been very much neg-
lected. "Do not say write," she said
to the teachers, "but tell how to
write and what to write about." Com-
position is something to be done. It
is not committing rules from books.
It is reproducing life. There is now
a great call for the teacher to inter-
est the pupil. Hence schools of man-
ual arts and of technology. Composi-
tion is both technology and manual
art. Give the material to work with,
show the pupil how to work, and it
becomes interesting.

Prof. Rigdon had for his theme
the thought that all thought is creat-
ive. It is not prescriptive. All things
originate in the mind. Color and
sound are produced in the mind as
the result of stimuli from the out-
side in the form of vibrations. Sani-
tity is responding normally to outside
stimuli. Insanity is the mind pro-
ducing results without such stimuli—
what are called hallucinations, or
dreams.

Mr. Tilden spoke of Sir Walter
Scott as a teacher of architecture,
and illustrated one of Scott's castles
in comparison with some existing
types at Windsor and Warwick.

The afternoon program was opened
with music, the principal feature of
which was the violin solo of Miss
Marquis. Of all the excellent work
of the institute the playing of Miss
Marquis upon the violin has been
most appreciated.

After the music Miss Ridpath con-
tinued her work on composition,
speaking of the Purposes of Teaching
Composition." The first and minor
purpose was to teach to speak and
write correctly. The second, to se-
cure a better position in the business
world through having power to do.
The third purpose was mental de-
velopment. Composition having all
the qualities usually attribute to
mathematics for this purpose. Fourth
it developed power to act, power of
initiative. All other studies are
studies of the past, in composition
alone does the pupil create. Fifth, it
is a means of self expression. And
finally, all these purposes culminate
and blend in the one grand purpose
of character development.

FOR MISS NINA BURNSIDE

Miss Verna Burnside gave a slum-
ber party to a number of her friends
in honor of her sister, Miss Nina
Burnside, who leaves for Beaumont,
Tex., in the near future to spend the
winter. After a night of fun as can
not be found in any but all night par-
ties an elegant breakfast was served.
Those present were Misses Lorene
Crouch, Mabel O'Hair, Pearl O'Hair,
Edna Coffing, Hulda Peregrine, Ruth
Baker, Joyce Walker, Stella Worth-
ington, Nina and Verna Burnside.
Miss Burnside will spend the cool
months with Mr. and Mrs. Sheeks of
Beaumont, who were visiting friends
in this vicinity a few weeks ago.

J. AKERS' TRIAL SATURDAY

CLOVERDALE EDITOR CAME TO
TOWN THIS MORNING AND
GAVE HIMSELF OVER TO THE
OFFICERS. HEARING IS SET
FOR LAST OF THE WEEK.

HIS BOND IS FIXED AT \$500

Four Charges Have Been Filed
Against the Man Who Threatened
the Marshal With a Revolver. Lat-
ter Has Secured Attorney Hays to
Assist in Prosecution.

John Akers, publisher of the Clo-
verdale Graphic, came to Greencastle
this morning and gave himself up to
the officers. He went before the
mayor and pleaded not guilty to the
charges sworn out against him. The
mayor set Saturday as the date for
the trial and fixed Mr. Akers' bond
at \$500. The bond was furnished.

Four charges have been preferred
against Mr. Akers by Marshal Reeves
as the result of the Sunday afternoon
affair. One charges the editor with
carrying concealed weapons, one
with drawing concealed weapons,
another with threatening the officer's
life and the last charges profanity.
Mr. Reeves has secured the service of
Attorney S. A. Hays to assist in the
prosecution of the case which he says
he will push to the limit.

METHODIST BASKET MEETING

There will be a Methodist basket
meeting at the Harve Adomson grove
northeast of Lena on Sunday, Sept. 1.
The meeting will be in charge of
Mrs. Calay, a woman, an Evangelist,
who will preach both morning and
afternoon. All are invited.

"BASKET MEETING"

There will be a basket meeting
at Dunkard church at Clinton Falls,
Sunday. Lecture at 2 p. m. by Rev.
Grover Thompson of Chicago. All
are urged upon to attend these ser-
vices.

W. H. MILLER

Tinner and Practical
Furnace Man

Agt. Peek Williamson Underfeed
Furnaces.
All classes of Tin and Sheet Iron
Work.

Walnut Street, opposite Com-
mercial Hotel

MILLIONS FOR LEISURE

Statistics Arranged by a Treasury
Official Prove that the Government
Pays Out More Than Six Million
Dollars to Employees While They
are on Their Vacation.

ARE ALLOWED TWO MONTHS OFF

That working for Uncle Sam is one
of the most pleasant positions one
can obtain, is brought before the pub-
lic more forcefully than ever by an
array of statistics which have been
lately compiled and published by one
of the treasury officials, whose pet
"hobby" is to look into such matters.

It costs the government more than
six millions of dollars annually for
the leisure of its employees. There
are not many employers who are able
to treat those under them so gener-
ously. The government pay roll con-
tains about fifty-five thousand names
and to these "gobs" as they are called
in Washington, D. C., are paid an-
nually the large sum of sixty-six mil-
lion dollars. Not only is the pay am-
ple but the vacations allowed are
very unusual. Each employee is al-
lowed not only one month of "play-
time," but also 30 more days absence
provided they can furnish a doctors
certificate stating that they are physi-
cally unable to work. And during
all of this time they continue to draw
their regular pay. "It is estimated
that 75 per cent of the employees
take their vacation regularly and
many take their full 30 days' sick
leave," says the Kansas City Journal.

The statistician has figured it out
that all of the governmental work
could be done just as well with one
twelfth less the present number of
employees. He also suggests that if
the work was done by contract it
could be done for three fourths the
present cost.

"There is one remarkable feature
about this vacation business," he
writes, "and that is that the more
salary a man draws the longer vaca-
tion he takes. Many heads of depart-
ments take from three to four months
and do not have to account to any-
body. It is a case where the little
fish get the worst, as usual. But the
subordinate employees have no com-
plaint when compared to the employ-
ees of railroads and other concerns
which are large employers of labor."

HORSE FELL ON HIS ANKLE

Clarence Evans, 16 Year Old Son of
Contractor Otto Evans, Was Ser-
iously Injured Monday Night
While Riding Home From Work.
Horse Stumbled and Fell on the
Boy's Leg. Big Toe Dislocated
and One Bone Broken.

Clarence Evans was seriously in-
jured Monday night while returning
home from work. He was riding a
rather fractious horse. The animal
stumbled while going up Morton
Avenue and fell. The boy was unable
to clear himself and his leg was
caught under the fallen steed. Evans
was taken to Dr. Tucker's office at
once and it was discovered that the
big toe was dislocated and the largest
metacarpal in the foot broken. The
injuries were reset after much trouble
as it is one of the most difficult opera-
tions in surgery, and Evans seems to
be resting fairly well today. He is
the son of Contractor Otto Evans and
has been working with his father
since spring.

MASONIC NOTICE

The members of Temple Lodge, No.
47, F. & A. M., are hereby notified
that there will be a stated meeting
for disposal of regular business, and
confering degrees on Wednesday,
the 21st day of August, 1907, at 7:00
o'clock p. m. All M. M.'s in good
standing invited.

Attest: W. H. H. Cullen, Secretary.

FOR SALE

309 West Franklin street this
week. For terms and inside inspec-
tion orders from 2 to 4 p. m. ap-
ply to Mr. Ferd Lucas, Adams Ex-
press Office.

Red Men's Pow Wow at Attica, Ind.
Wednesday, August 21st, 1907,
the Monon Route will run a special
train to Attica, Ind., via Lafayette
and Wabash Ry.

Special starts from Greencastle at
7 o'clock a. m., stops at all stations
as far north as Romney, arrives At-
tica 9:20 a. m., leaves Attica at 10
p. m. Rate only \$1.25 round trip.
See small hand bills for further in-
formation.

J. A. MICHEAL, Agt.

Engraving

The finest engraved cards and in-
vitations, Old English, Shaded Eng-
lish, French Script and all late styles
at lowest prices.

COWBOYS SHOW THEIR VALOR

Two of the Westerners Were Taken
Out to Ratcliff's Camp This Morn-
ing and Rode a Horse on Which
It Was Claimed That No One Could
Stick. Was Thrown Once But Was
Successful the Second Time.

Bill Patterson took a couple of
the famous cowboys out to Ratcliff's
camp this morning in order to give
them a chance on what is claimed to
be the worst horse in Putnam coun-
ty. The two westerners took the wiry
pony and put saddle on him without
any trouble but could not get into it.

After sometime however one of
them succeeded in gaining his seat
for a few moments. For some rea-
son, which the woolly westerners fail
to state, he was thrown and it was
not on Prairie soil either. Then the
cowboys lassoed the horse and threw
him, and as it got up, the nery rider
took his seat and staid there in spite
of the earnest endeavors of the de-
feated pony. The cowboys and rough
riders have certainly shown that
they are of the real stuff.

GREENCASTLE GIRLS MARRIED

Word has been just been received
here from Lebanon of the marriage of
Miss Georgia Welda, formerly of this
city, to a Mr. Fred J. Collier of that
city. The wedding occurred last
Thursday evening at 7:30.

This afternoon at the Fillbeck
House, at Terre Haute, occurred the
wedding of Miss Pearl Ellis of Cali-
fornia and Mr. Eugene Light of this
city. Miss Ellis formerly resided
here, while attending college.

On Thursday evening, August 15,
occurred the marriage of Miss Jessie
Lane and Mr. John Jackson of Hous-
ton, Texas. After a brief wedding
trip to Mexico they will be at home
in Houston. Miss Lane was a form-
er resident of Greencastle.

NO MORE DRINKS FOR ME

John Sherlock.

Steel Worker Who Gave the Marshal
and the Sheriff a Tussle Monday
Night Makes Promise to the Mayor
and is Released.

"No I am not related to Sherlock
Holmes. I'm just plain John Sher-
lock, steel worker, slated for plain
drunk. Give me a chance and I'll
never take another drink."

John was before the mayor this
morning on a charge of intoxication.
He was arrested in an alley on the
north side Monday night. John was
"beastly" drunk and fought the of-
ficers when he got to the jail. He ob-
jected to the sheriff searching him
and the big officer had to throw him
to the ground and forcibly take what
the prisoner had.

This morning John was very sub-
missive. He told the mayor that it
was his first spree for a long time
and that it would be his last. He
promised to go to work and come to
town next week and pay his fine if
the mayor would let him go. He is
employed on the Big Four railroad
work east of town. The mayor's
heart was touched and John was
given his freedom.

Wanted—Rooms for light house-
keeping. Call at Hirt's Shoe store.3t

Hand made
Hampers
Waste baskets
Work baskets
S. C. Sayers
Phone 388

E. B. LYNCH
House Furnisher and
Funeral Director
GREENCASTLE, IND.
12 and 14 North Jackson St. Telephones 89 and 108

Get Next. Look Ahead

BUY NOW; it will make you money to put
these goods away until needed at the prices we are
selling. A genuine reduction sale is being made in
all lines of goods from 50c up. Just a few Ranges,
Cook Stoves and Gasoline Stoves left.

\$1.00 Screen Doors.	\$.75	Paint, Screen Wire at cost.
.40 Screen Windows.	.25	Step Ladders at cost.
2.00 Cream Freezer.	1.50	Poultry Netting at cost.
8.50 Refrigerator.	7.00	Carpenters' Tools at cost.

You won't know unless you look what a little
money will get you at

Higert Bros.' Hardware Store
SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

See our Windows for Saturday, Aug. 24—Glass Tum-
bler Sale—a 45c 1-2 doz. Tumbler for 25c all that day.

\$6.00 to \$8.00
Some at \$5.00



Comfort

The lines of The
Stetson Shoe are re-
fined and graceful
in design and do not
deviate from the
natural curves of
comfort.

is not only free from strains and pulls from with-
in, but withstands the wear and tear from with-
out, because it is made from the highest quality
of materials obtainable and constructed with the
utmost perfection of detail. The merest glance
shows it to be The Better Shoe—close inspection
brings out the reasons for its superiority.

Full lines—all styles—all lasts.

For Sale by

SIMPSON HIRT

WILLIAMS & DUNCAN
Sanitary Plumbing
Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,
Electric Wiring and Fixtures
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Phone 650. No. 10 N. Indiana St.

R. J. GILLESPIE
Undertaker
Calls Promptly Attended to Day or Night
Office Phone, 335; Home Phone, 303

If You Are Not Already
ONE OF OUR
Three Thousand Customers
You are Invited to Become One
No matter how small your business, you will receive cour-
teous treatment, and every accommodation that is consistent with
good banking will be placed at your disposal. Total assets
more than
One Million Dollars
The Central National Bank
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

We have made arrangements
to sell in Greencastle
this season the only
Smokeless
Block Coal
On the Market
This is the celebrated Smokeless Coal that is
sold by the Domestic BLOCK COAL CO., of
Kokomo.
It is mined in the northwest corner of Clay
County and is a remarkable coal for cleanliness.
We can sell it in the BLOCK or NUT SIZES
—and the latter size is the best thing in the world
for cook stoves, at the money.
We will sell at Block Coal prices
TRY THIS COAL and we are READY
NOW to take your orders.
Kindling Wood—Get it Now
RILEY & CO. Greencastle,
Phone 51.

BAND CONCERT TO-NIGHT

Bainbridge Musicians Will Entertain
the Greencastle People at the
Court House. Red Men Ready for
Pow Wow.

Tonight at the court house the
Bainbridge band will give a concert.
The band is here to accompany the
Red Men to the annual Pow Wow at
Attica tomorrow. The special train
leaves the Monon depot at 7 o'clock
in the morning and it is expected
that at least 300 persons will go
from here.

SMALL FREIGHT WRECK ON VAN

No. 76 Derails Three Cars at Carters-
burg and Blocked Traffic for an
Hour and a Half.

No. 76 east bound through freight,
in charge of Conductor Manwaring,
derailed 3 cars at Cartersburg at
about 6:30 Monday night and block-
ed traffic for about two hours. No
one was injured. The Terre Haute
wrecking train was called to clear
the track. East bound passengers
24 and 26 were delayed here 1
and 25 minutes.

New Arrivals

New Clover Honey
Celery
Gem Melons
Mango Peppers
Indiana Water Melons
Cucumbers
New Spanish Onions
Jersey Sweet Potatoes
Spring Chickens
Potatoe Chips
Sweet Oranges
And
Ripe Apples

ZEIS & CO.
one 67

The Greencastle Herald

By Star & Democrat Publishing Co.
GREENCASTLE INDIANA

The Fetish of Thoroughness.

A perfect housekeeper may not be a real homemaker. Her kitchen and bedrooms may be spotless and her dinners fit for an epicure; but if she never has an hour for reading, or leisure to play with her children or to talk with her husband, she is a failure as wife and mother. Somewhere between perfection and slovenliness there lies a golden mean. To reach it a housewife must learn to turn off work, and to distinguish between the kind of work which may be slighted and the kind which must be done with literal thoroughness. "An all-day washing makes a half-day ironing!" used to be the motto of a wise woman, who preferred clothes free from grime and streak to carefully fluted frills and starching that would stand alone. There are houses where the fetish of thoroughness demands a daily sacrifice, just as there are other houses where the dragon of laziness and disorder devours both comfort and affection. An old colored "mammy," for years the chief dependence of a southern family, had a genius for getting work done. Nobody ever knew exactly how or when her miracles were wrought; but the house was clean and the meals were toothsome, and "Aunt Caroline" was always happy and jocular, says Youth's Companion. One day her mistress sent her to put the guest chamber in order for a distinguished visitor. She came downstairs very soon, with the smiling assurance, "Dat room am plumb clean, Miss Gertrude!" "So quickly?" inquired Miss Gertrude. "Did you dust it, aunty? I don't see your dust-er." "Law now, Miss Gertrude, don't you bodder yo'self 'bout Aunt Caroline. I done dust dat room wid a pa'mleaf fan!" There spoke a resourceful housekeeper.

The American Tourist.

Every summer Americans overrun Europe in numbers never equaled before. And every summer European newspapers, especially the English, discover that the American tourist is bad-mannered, that the father of the family chews cigars, that the mother is uneducated, and the daughter loud-voiced. An American at home who reads these accounts of his touring countrymen wonders at first whether the dignified gentleman who was to leave his business and spend a summer in England did not go, after all. What has become of that gentle school teacher who had saved her money for three years to make her pilgrimage to Shakespeare's country and Scott's? Just where in that outrageous throng of "Amurrican" tourists are our own best friends who sailed in June? The last time we saw them they did not chew gum, nor violate the English language rather than to use the word "guess" rather than correctly, nor talk with indecent familiarity to the employees of hotels. Then it occurs to us, remarks Youth's Companion, that many American travelers do not speak loud enough for the natives to discover that their speech is American. Our countrymen abroad are visibly and audibly represented by the kind of person that we dislike at home. In the same way the conditions of New York society are portrayed in European papers by stories of political corruption and the few eccentricities of the many millionaires. Normal events do not make sensational press dispatches. The unusual is seen and chronicled. Americans who do not enjoy the reports of the impressions which their countrymen make upon Europeans have only to recall our own strange notion that Frenchmen gesticulate like jumping-jacks, and that Englishmen are humorless persons in loud-checked suits.

It is evident that there is no anti-American feeling in the royal family of Japan. A Japanese farmer has purchased a collection of American cows which will be taken to the orient to furnish milk for the use of the sovereign and his household. Moreover, this enterprising Japanese agriculturist, who, by the way, contracted to supply milk to the military hospitals at Tokio during the recent war and not only did the work satisfactorily but made a handsome sum by the operation, has borrowed another American idea and will go into the condensed milk business. The plan has proved practicable and profitable here, and no doubt will work equally well in Japan.

A parachute astronaut dropped from a balloon into a river at Middletown, N. Y., and was married a few minutes after she had been got ashore, according to the advertised program. First she got a wetting, and then she had a wedding.

King Edward's taste in jewelry is extremely quiet. A horseshoe or single pearl pin and a plain gold ring on his little finger are all that he ever wears, with the simplest possible links and studs.

The questions raised as to whether newspaper paragraphers can go to heaven are wholly unnecessary. It is a matter of common knowledge that the railways have curtailed press privileges to an extent that leaves heaven and one or two other places the only points to which a paragrapher can go without inconvenience.

A well wisher is all right in his way, but as a rule a well digger will accomplish more.

THE PLUM TREE

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

AUTHOR OF THE COST, THE DELUGE, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

How It All Began.

"We can hold out six months longer—at least six months." My mother's tone made the six months stretch encouragingly into six long years.

I see her now vividly as if it were only yesterday. We were at our scant breakfast, I as blue as was ever even 25, she brave and confident. And hers was no mere pretense to reassure me, no cheerless optimism of ignorance, but the through-and-through courage and strength of those who flinch for no bogey that life or death can conjure. Her tone lifted me; I glanced at her and what shone from her eyes set me on my feet, face to the foe. The tablecloth was darned in many places, but so skillfully that you could have looked closely without detecting it. Not a lump of sugar, nor a slice of bread went to waste in that house; yet even I had to think twice to realize that we were poor, desperately poor. She did not hide our poverty; she beautified it, she dignified it into Spartan simplicity. I know it is not the glamour over the past that makes me believe there are no women now like those of the race to which she belonged. The world, to-day, yields comfort too easily to the capable; hardship is the only mold for such character, and in those days, in this middle-western country, even the capable were strangers to hardship.

"When I was young," she went on, "and things looked black, as they have a habit of looking to the young and inexperienced,—that put in with a teasing smile at me—I used to say to myself: 'Well, anyhow, they can't kill me.' And the thought used to cheer me up wonderfully. In fact, it still does."

I no longer felt hopeless. I began to gnaw my troubles again—despair is still.

"Judge Granby is a dog," said I; "yes, a dog."

"Why 'dog'?" objected my mother. "Why not simply 'mean man'?" I've never known a dog that could equal a man who set out to be 'ornery.'"

"When I think of all the work I've done for him in these three years—"

"For yourself," she interrupted. "Work you do for others doesn't amount to much, unless it's been first and best for yourself."

"But he was benefited by it, too," I urged, "and has taken life easy, and has had more clients and bigger fees than he ever had before. I'd like to give him a jolt. I'd stop nagging him to put my name in a miserable corner of the glass in his door. I'd hang out a big sign of my own over my own office door."

My mother burst into a radiant smile. "I've been waiting a year to hear that," she said.

Thereupon I had a shock of fright—inside, for I'd never have dared to show fear before my mother. There's nothing else that makes you so brave as living with some one before whom you haven't the courage to let your cowardice show its feather. If we didn't keep each other up to the mark, what a spectacle of fright and flight this world-drama would be! Vanity, the greatest of vices, is also the greatest of virtues, or the source of the greatest virtues—which comes to the same thing.

"When did you do it?" she went on, and then I knew I was in for it, and how well-founded was the suspicion that had been keeping my lips tight shut upon my dream of independence.

"I'll—I'll think about it," was my answer, in a tone which I hoped she would see was not hesitating, but reflective; "I mustn't go too far—or too fast."

"Better go too far and too fast than none at all," retorted my wise mother. "Once a tortoise beat a hare—once. It never happened again, yet the whole timid world has been talking about it ever since." And she fell into a study from which she roused herself to say: "You'd better let me bargain for the office and the furniture—and the big sign." She knew—but could not or would not teach me—how to get a dollar's worth for a dollar; would not, I suspect, for she despised parsimony, declaring it to be another virtue which is becoming only in a woman.

"Of course—when—" I began.

"We've got to do something in the next six months," she warned. And now she made the six months seem six minutes.

I had at my tongue's end something about the danger of dragging her down into misfortune; but before speaking I looked at her, and, looking, refrained. To say it to her would have been too absurd—to her who had been left a widow with nothing at all, who had educated me through my first year there—helped me through money, I mean. But for what she gave besides, more, immeasurably more—but for her courage in me and round me and under me—I'd never have got my degree or anything else, I fear. To call that courage help would be like saying the mainspring helps the watch to go. I looked at her. "They can't kill me, can they?" said I, with a laugh which sounded so brave that it straightway made me brave.

So it was settled. But that was the first step in a fight I can't remember even now without a sinking heart. The farmers of Jackson county, of which Pulaski was the county seat, found in litigation their chief distraction from the stupefying dullness of farm life in those days of pause, after the Indian

and nature had been conquered and before the big world's arteries of thought and action had penetrated. The farmers took eagerly to litigation to save themselves from stagnation. Still, a new lawyer, especially if he was young, had an agonizing time of it convincing their slow, stiff, suspicious natures that he could be trusted in such a crisis as "going to law."

To make matters worse, I fell in love.

Once—it was years afterward, though not many years ago—Burbank, at the time governor, was with me, and we were going over the main points for his annual message. One of my suggestions—my orders to all my agents, high and low, have always been sugar-coated as "suggestions"—started a new train of thought in him, and he took pen and paper to fix it before it had a chance to escape. As he wrote, my glance wandered along the shelves of the book-cases. It paused on the farthest and lowest shelf. I rose and went there, and found my old schoolbooks, those I used when I was in public school No. 3, too, near 30 years ago!

In the shelf one book stood higher



"You'd Better Let Me Bargain for the Furniture and the Big Sign."

than the other—tall and thin and ragged, its covers torn, its pages scribbled, stained and dog-eared. Looking through that old physical geography was like a first talk with a long-lost friend. It had, indeed, been my old friend. Behind its broad back I had eaten forbidden apples. I had aimed and discharged the blow-gun. I had reveled in blood-and-thunder tales that made the drowsy schoolroom fade before the vast wildness, the scene of breathless struggles between Indian and settler, or open into the high seas where pirate, or worse-than-pirate Britisher, struck flag to American privateer or man-of-war.

On an impulse shot up from the dustiest depths of memory, I turned the old geography sideways and examined the edges of the cover. Yes, there was the canine I had made by splitting the pasteboard with my jack-knife. I thrust in my finger and out came a slip of paper. I glanced at Burbank—he was busy. I, somewhat stealthily, you may imagine, opened the paper and—well, my heart beat more rapidly as I saw in a school-girl scrawl:

I was no longer master of a state; I was a boy in school again. I could see her laboring over this game of "friendship, love, indifference, hate." I could see "Redney" Griggs, who sat between her and me, in the row of desks between and parallel to my row and hers—could see him swoop and snatch the paper from her, look at it, grin maliciously, and toss it over to me. I was in grade A, was 16, and was beginning to take myself seriously. She was in grade D, was little more than half my age, but looked older—and how sweet and pretty she was! She had black hair, thick and wavy, with little tresses escaping from plaits and ribbons to float about her forehead, ears and neck. Her skin was darker then, I think, than it is now, but it had the same smoothness and glow—certainly it could not have had more.

I think the dart must have struck that day—why else did I keep the bit of paper? But it did not trouble me until the first winter of my launching forth as "Harvey Sawyer, Attorney and Counselor at Law." She was the daughter of the Episcopal preacher; and, as every one thought well of the prospects of my mother's son, our courtship was undisturbed. Then, in the spring, when fortune was at its coldest and love at its most feverish, her father accepted a call to a church in Boston, eight miles away.

To go to see her was impossible; how could the money be spared—\$50 at the least? Once—when they had been gone about four months—my mother insisted that I must. But I refused, and I do not know whether it is to my credit or not, for my refusal gave her only pain, whereas the sacrifices she would have had to make, had I gone, would have given her only pleasure. I had no fear that Betty would change in our separation. There are some people you hope are stanch, and some people you think will be stanch, if—, and then there are those, many women and a few men, whom it is impossible to think of as false or even faltering. I did not fully appreciate that quality then, with the graves of false friendships and littered with the rubbish of broken promises; but I did appreciate it enough to build securely upon it.

Build? No, that is not the word. There may be those who are stimulated to achievement by being in love, though I doubt it. At any rate, I was not one of them. My love for her absorbed my thoughts, and paralyzed my courage. Of the qualities that have contributed to what success I may have had, I put in the first rank a disposition to see the gloomiest side of the future. But it has not helped to make my life happier, invaluable though it has been in preventing misadventure from catching me napping.

So another year passed. Then came hard times—real hard times. I had some clients—enough to insure mother and myself a living, with the interest on mortgage and note kept down. But my clients were poor, and poor pay, and slow pay. Nobody was doing well but the note-shavers. I—How mother fought to keep the front brave and bright—not her front, for that was bright by nature, like the sky beyond the clouds; but our front, my front—the front of our affairs.

member that it was summer-warm, with all the windows open and many men in the streets in shirt-sleeves—at any rate, I was on my way home from school. As I neared the court house I saw a crowd in the yard, and was reminded that it was election day, and that my father was running for reelection to the state senate; so, I bolted for his law office in the second story of the Masonic temple, across the street from the court house.

He was at the window and was looking at the polling place so intently that he took no notice of me as I stood beside him. I know now why he was absorbed and why his face was stern and sad. I shut my eyes and see that court house yard, the long line of men going to vote, single file, each man calling out his name as he handed in his ballot, and Tow Weed-on—who shot an escaping prisoner when he was deputy sheriff—repeating the name in a loud voice. Each oncoming voter in that curiously regular and compact file was holding out his right arm stiff so that the hand was about a foot clear of the thigh; and in every one of those thus conspicuous hands was a conspicuous bit of white paper—a ballot. As each man reached the polling window and gave his name, he swung that hand round with a stiff armed, circular motion that kept it clear of the body and in full view until the bit of paper disappeared in the slit in the ballot box.

I wished to ask my father what this strange spectacle meant; but, as I glanced up at him to begin my question, I knew I must not, for I felt that I was seeing something which shocked him so profoundly that he would take me away if I reminded him of my presence. I know now that I was witnessing the crude beginnings of the money-machine in politics—the beginnings of the downfall of parties—the beginnings of the overthrow of the people as the political power. Those stiff-armed men were the "floating voters" of that ward of Pulaski. They had been bought up by a rich candidate of the opposition party, which was less scrupulous than our party, then in the flush of devotion to "principles" and led by such old-fashioned men as my father with old-fashioned notions of honor and honesty. Those "floaters" had to keep the ballot in full view from the time they got it of the agent of their purchaser until they had deposited it beyond the possibility of substitution—he must see them "deliver the goods."

My father was defeated. He saw that, in politics, the day of the public servant of public interests was over, and that the night of the private servant of private interests had begun. He resigned his leadership into the dextrous hands of a politician. Soon afterward he died, muttering: "Prosperity has ruined my country."

From that election day my interest in politics grew, and but for my mother's bitter prejudice I should have been an active politician, perhaps before I was out of college.

Pulaski, indeed all that section of my state, was strong of my party. Therefore Dominick, its local boss, was absolute. At the last county election, four years before the time of which I am writing, there had been a spasmodic attempt to oust him. He had grown so insolent, and had put his prices for political and political-commercial "favors" to our leading citizens so high, that the "best element" in our party reluctantly broke from its allegiance. To save himself he had been forced to order flagrant cheating on the tally sheets; his ally and fellow conspirator, McCoskey, the opposition boss, was caught and was indicted by the grand jury. The reformers made such a stir that Ben Cass, the county prosecutor, though a Dominick man, disobeyed his master and tried and convicted McCoskey. Of course, following the custom in cases of yielding to pressure from public sentiment, he made the trial-errors necessary to insure reversal in the higher court; and he finally gave Dominick's judge the opportunity to quash the indictment. But the boss was relentless—Cass had been disobedient, and had put upon "my friend McCoskey" the disgrace of making a sorry figure in court. "Ben can look to his swell reform friends for a re-nomination," said he; "he'll not get it from me."

Thus it came to pass that Dominick's lieutenant, Buck Fessenden, appeared in my office one afternoon in July, and, after a brief parley, asked me how I'd like to be prosecuting attorney of Jackson county. Four thousand a year for four years, and a reelection if I should give satisfaction; and afterward, the bench or a seat in congress! I could pay off everything; I could marry!

It was my first distinct vision of the plum tree. To how many thousands of our brightest, most promising young Americans it is shown each year in just such circumstances!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WINE WAR IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE



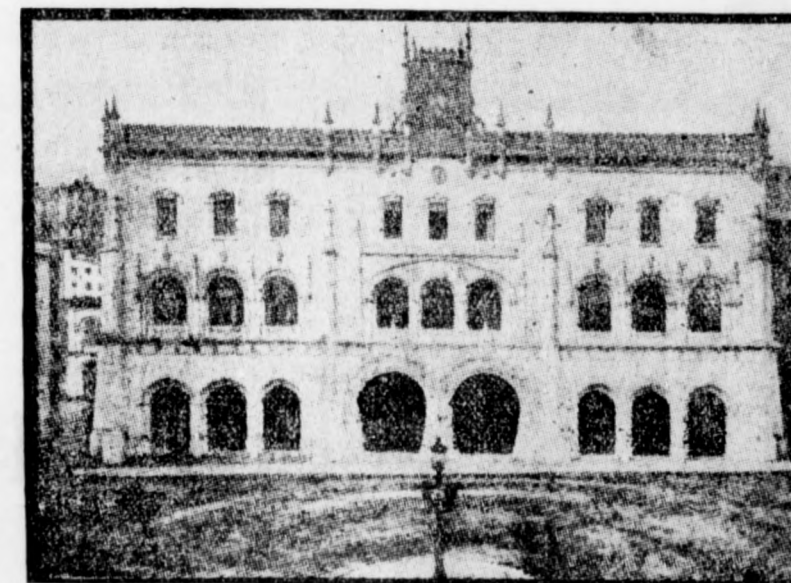
The prefecture at Perpignan, as the symbol of the official authority, was marked out for devastation by the agitators. They set fire to the building in four places. The photograph is sufficient proof of how thorough was the sack. The salon, a very handsome apartment, was utterly wrecked.

UNDER "FIRE" FROM THE COLD-WATER GUN: DISCIPLINE FOR COOLIES



A COLD DOUCHE FOR BOTHA'S DEPARTING COOLIES: QUELLING A RIOT IN A SOUTH AFRICAN MINING COMPOUND.

The persuasive virtues of the hose have sometimes been proved by the police in dealing with Western crowds, but the method has been brought to perfection in the South African mines. The water-gun, a gigantic fire nozzle traveling on a high platform, commands the whole compound; and when a row begins among the coolies, this harmless but effective artillery is brought into play, always with excellent effect. Gen. Botha has just decided that Chinese labor must go—Illustrated London News.



A RAILWAY STATION WITH HORSESHOE ENTRANCES, Destined to give good luck to the building. The central station at Lisbon is remarkable for two large entrances shaped like horseshoes, which were so built in the hope that they would bring good luck to the building. With the gradual disappearance of the horse, and consequently of the horseshoe, it may perhaps be anticipated that the superstition will change with the times, and that it will be held as lucky as find an old motor car tire as it is now to find an old horseshoe. Whether the motorist himself will find the adapted superstition in the least satisfactory remains to be seen.

Was Not Wanted Just at that Time.

Editor Thought He Could Get Along Without Article.

The story is told of a writer who, through boldness in attacking the established order of things, had considerable vogue for a short time. In the midst of his notoriety he decided that he would contribute to a certain well-known magazine, in whose pages he had not yet been represented. He waited on the editor, and found him immersed in some barri-er writing. "Ah, Mr. Blank," said the editor, with that immunity from modesty which distinguished him, "you want an article from me." "Indeed?" queried the editor, going on with his writing. "Indeed?" "One article to begin with," pursued the author. "And I am willing to do it for the sake of much work." "Indeed?"

before. "I should say," followed up the author, "that for such an article as I have in mind, startling and original, I will close with you for \$1,000." The editor's pen drove on. "Close with me!" he murmured. "Close! Will you kindly close the door as you go out?"

When Father Is It.

About the only procession "Father" ever heads is when the members of his family think they hear a burglar, in the dead of night, and push the poor little old man at the head of the procession that looks for the burglar. —Acheson Globe.

A Poor Kind of Citizen.

It doesn't pay to put much faith in the man who has to keep up his courage by thinking of people who are less fortunate than he.

Skeptical.

"Trade," remarked the party with the quotation habit, "follows the flag." "Not always," rejoined the merchant who doesn't advertise. "I hoisted the biggest flag I could find over my store, but trade didn't increase a nickel's worth."

What's the Answer?

Heax—How do I look in this dress suit?
Joax—Fine! Why don't you buy it?

Might Be Worse.

A visiting gentleman had submitted for some time to the attentions of this three-year-old boy of his hostess, but at last grew a little tired of having his whiskers pulled and his corns trodden upon.

"Madam," said he, "there is one thing about your charming little boy which especially pleases me."

"And what is that?" asked the smiling mother.

"That he isn't a twin."

MRS. ACKER'S EXPERIMENT

By MABEL GIFFORD.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Mrs. Ackers was very cheerful, very willing, but it is rather bewildering to remember the exact degree of sweetness and saltiness of brownness and whiteness her husband demands. She has always done her best, and spiced it all with her bright smile.

Last night at supper Mr. Ackers had remarked: "I like pork and beans much better than beef. The beef has not that good taste, that relish."

This is what Mrs. Ackers was thinking about: "Doesn't have that good taste," she repeated, shutting her white teeth over her lip to cut in halves a too hearty smile. "Oh, these men; these foolish men! Frank is just as notional as the rest of them. I am afraid. I used to think him one of the most reasonable; he seemed to agree with me in everything. Now, well, it seems as if he liked everything a little different, no matter what it is, politics, parties, religion, dress, or—beans."

Mrs. Ackers had ordered pork for to-day, and she tucked it well under the beans with a queer little smile. Somehow the sweet, patient face of Mrs. Ackers was unusually present in Mr. Ackers' mind that day. Though there was no reproach in it, yet it reproached him. He need not have been so short with her at supper last night; he knew it hurt her, though she would not allow him to see it. She was a dear, little woman, and must have her failings like other women—he did not say, "and men."

He feared she was narrow-minded, too domestic, not intellectual. But she had redeeming points; she was patient, cheerful, an excellent housekeeper, and tried hard to please him. He prided himself on his refined and intellectual taste, and truth to tell, looked down a little on his dear little housekeeper.

At night as he was leaving the store, one of the clerks held out a note and asked him if it would be too much trouble to leave it at his door. Mrs. Wells would insist on his coming in.

"Do come in, just for a little chat. I want to ask about Mrs. Ackers. I haven't seen her for the longest time!"

And this is Mr. Ackers' ideal of a wife and a home. This woman is not only cheerful, but polite. Her gracious, respectful manner is charming. Her house besides being in perfect order is delightful to the eye, and satisfying to the mind. There is a combination of the useful and the refined intelligence that Mr. Ackers loves.

How delightedly Mrs. Wells conversed! How well informed she must be. He did not take note that he did most of the conversing; that she only introduced topics, asked questions, and listened with interest.

He passed a most enjoyable half hour; there was all he missed in his own home. Here was a woman who knew how to use both her hands and her brains. Happy Mr. Wells!

"But you have not told me about your wife yet; where have you kept her all this time? I haven't seen her for an age."

Mr. Ackers began to feel disagreeable as his thoughts reverted to his wife. If Lizzie wasn't quite so domestic, so—old-fashioned, so commonplace!

"Oh, she is busy most of the time. Does not have a chance to run out much!"

"The idea! I go out every day; unless it is decidedly stormy. Frank says it makes people dull to be shut up in the house all the time. I take time. There are only two of you; there can't be such a mountain of work."

"I don't know how it is; some women do not seem to have the faculty of turning off work. Lizzie is always grumbling."

A girl appeared at the door. "Please, ma'am, shall I put the supper on the table?"

"Oh! excuse me. I forgot to tell you Mr. Wells will not be home until seven. You need not wait, I am sorry I kept you."

Mr. Ackers stared. He was in the habit of being late when he pleased, and did not expect it to be remarked by his wife. Here was Mr. Wells sending a note to his wife because he should arrive an hour late, and here was Mrs. Wells apologizing to the help for the delay.

"So you keep a hired girl?"

"We don't keep her exactly. She comes in whenever I need her. Baking, washing, ironing and sweeping days, every week, and other times when I want help. We pay her two dollars a week, and Frank says that is the cheapest investment he ever made. I used to do all of the work, and did not have time to do anything else, or was too tired if I had time. Now I read, and go out every day. I make calls, and have some company; Frank says sociability improves people. We have joined a 'Lend-a-hand club.' One reason I called you in to-night was to tell you about the club, and beg you and Mrs. Ackers to join. Our aim is to improve ourselves and everyone we can reach."

"Speaking of the help, of course we have to economize considerably in other directions. We eat plainer food, and we wear plainer clothes, but Frank says it is worth it. It is more like living. He wishes his wife to be his companion, and not his kitchen girl."

Mrs. Wells nodded her head in a satisfied way as she watched her guest depart. "I have made an impression. He will take the hint. Poor little Mrs. Ackers is slaving herself to death for that flimsy husband, and he is blind as a bat. I think I have opened his eyes a bit."

Mrs. Ackers met her husband at the door with her usual bright smile. "This has been a glorious day, Lizzie. Mercy me! no; how do you think I can find time to do all Saturday's work and walk out? And besides when I do get through I am too tired to step."

Mr. Ackers frowned a little. "It does not seem as if there need be so much to do, just for us two."

Mrs. Ackers hesitated, and colored a little. How hard to work all day and then have Frank think there was nothing to do. But that was just a man's way. She swallowed a bunch in her throat, and told herself she must be more tired than usual, to mind so much. In a moment supper was on the table. Baked beans, smoking hot; how good they smelled!

What made Lizzie glance up at him in that fluttering way?

"Well, Frank, is the pork as much better as you expected? Are the beans just right this week?"

"Couldn't be beat, my dear. Pork goes ahead of beef every time. Pork for my taste."

Mrs. Ackers clapped her hands and laughed, though looking like a naughty child that is bold enough to be daring, yet fears the consequences. "Oh, Frank! it is beef in the beans. I mistrusted your imagination was stronger than your taste. Now I have proved that!" Then in the next breath: "Such a good taste!" laughing again merrily.

Mr. Ackers looked queer, then incredulous, then his face began to darken ominously. What man enjoys a joke when he is the victim? and particularly when his wife is the perpetrator?

Mrs. Ackers had risen to her feet and stood beside her chair, trembling. She did not think he would be quite so seriously offended.

"There are some more; I baked some with pork, too, so if you shouldn't like these."

Just at the moment she thought the storm about to burst over her head, Mr. Ackers walked around the table and took his wife in his arms.

"Lizzie, I have petted my taste until I have made a fool of it; now I am

going to try petting my wife a little. I reckon my taste is acute enough, and I rather flatter myself it is of the right sort, but it needs common sense and thought for somewhat besides one's self to develop taste in the right direction.

"We will have pork or beef or anything you like. If I have grown to be such an idiot as I have proved myself to-night, it is time there was a change. This isn't the only thing I have been an idiot about. We will see if we can't find a girl to help you the busiest days. Go over and talk with Mrs. Wells and see how she manages. I want a companion as well as a housekeeper, and I have been fretting because you were not a better companion, while all the time my fastidious taste kept you planning and working in the kitchen. I wonder if I can shoulder the blame on the 'pig' I have eaten."

Mrs. Ackers has many a time congratulated herself on the success of her little experiment, but still more she blesses kind Mrs. Wells for joggling her husband's elbow and pointing his acute taste in the right direction.

The voice in the choir seemed to ascend up and up through the vaulted ceiling by way of the marble pillars, like a silver thread. It was divine. She sat enraptured through the sermon to hear it again. Then on her way out she said to the sexton:

"Do they keep him on ice to preserve his voice? Do they wrap him in cotton till he is ready to sing, and feed him with a spoon?"

"They do nothing of the sort," the sexton replied. "They don't take care of him at all. He is the worst little rascal in the choir and up to the most mischief. His voice will last only a year or so, then he will be just an ordinary child. It is so with them all."

Somehow she wished he hadn't told her that as she went out in the dark street and walked along home.

Part of Her Learning. The child was quietly sitting on a footstool, nursing a sick dolly. The mother was earnestly advising her visitors not to send their daughter to Paris to learn French. "I can speak from experience," she said. "I went over as a girl to get the accent. . . . They learn other things besides French. . . . In particular, they learn to be untruthful." "Did you, mother?" innocently inquired the child.

Matrimony No Miracle. After long years, matrimony may be said to wear off some of the rough edges, but the long years might have worn them off had these people remained single. So think well about it, men and maids, before you enter upon its perils and choose wisely, for the one you marry is the one you must live with, and matrimony works no miracle with character.

First Peace Congress. An early American peace-maker was Elihu Burritt, the "blacksmith scholar" of Connecticut. It was mainly to his efforts that the Paris peace congress of 1849 practically owed its existence. Though now almost forgotten, the same principles were discussed and the same propositions laid down as obtained at The Hague in 1899.

The Spirit of the Age. The morning after Christmas five-year-old Elsie was admiring her gifts with a contented and contemplative air, when she suddenly looked up and said: "Now what comes next—eggs or firecrackers?"—Harper's.



APPAREL FOR BABY

EXTREME SIMPLICITY MARKS CHILDREN'S WEAR.

Styles of the Season Are a Boon Both to Mothers and the Little Ones—Revival of the Bishop Dress.

By the middle of July, soap, sun and iron have done their deadly work in the wardrobe of Miss Baby, so admirably planned and daintily executed at the beginning of the season. Laces which were guaranteed to wash well now look bedraggled and lifeless.

Colors that the busy mother was quite sure would not fade have deteriorated into streaked yellows and spotted blues. And sometimes the mother who thought she would not have to put hand to needle or machine until September, at least, finds herself wondering whether she will not have

to make a second complete wardrobe, and certainly she regretted the fancy stitchery on which she spent so much time in May and June.

Simplicity marks the lingerie of Miss Baby. Plain scalloped edge and dotted embroidery has taken the place of more elaborate designs for trimming and very few tucks are used.

The picturesque, developed along to make a second complete wardrobe, and certainly she regretted the fancy stitchery on which she spent so much time in May and June.

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simple lines, is a feature of juvenile raiment this season. That is, little frocks that are quaintly old-fashioned in their lines are made from plain materials and are little trimmed. This means very short, puffed sleeves, square or round necks, showing the flesh liberally, rather long skirted of feet, no ruffles or tucks, but deep hems and short stockings or socks with diminutive black slippers.

This innovation of extreme simplicity is a boon to both mothers and children. It means far less labor to the mother, far less fussing for the children. Five or six of these simple little dresses in the weekly laundry does not mean so much, but were they covered with tucks, frills, lace and embroidery the work would be trebled.

An old style that is revived, is the bishop dress for the youngsters to play in, and if made in fine material is quite pretty enough to visit in. However, it works up so well in little checks, with just a touch of embroidery at the neck and sleeves, that it is most popular in that sort of material. The sleeves of these bishop dresses form a part of the dress and are joined right on to the neck band, and you cannot imagine how a child welcomes the freedom of these little play frocks.

The same simplicity is found in outer garments, and the plain long coat that falls in unbroken lines from the shoulders is the favorite for young children, and it is always becoming to them.

Time was when belts were used, fancy buttons, colored braids and even lace, but those must all be put away for another time. A little velvet collar can hardly be classed as trimming. To some children who are particularly pale or sallow, it lends a tone to their cheeks, and for such children it is recommended.

Almost all the babies are wearing little plain pique hats, the tops of which are buttoned on. These little hats protect the baby's eyes and are readily laundered. For the little one who still wears a cap, one made of a sheer handkerchief is as pretty and effective as these costing much more.

These should be fitted to the head of the child and tied with a tiny pink or blue ribbon under the chin. Sunbonnets for the children who play outdoors are again much worn, and can readily be made at home, while the older children who wear straw hats have them trimmed with just an extremely large bow of ribbon or a wreath of flowers.

We give an illustration of a pretty little pincushion of this kind made in exact imitation of a tomato. It should be covered with crimson velvet, matching as nearly as possible

the natural color of a ripe tomato, and cut in four separate pieces, the better to imitate the shape of the fruit. The stalk could be made of narrow green ribbon, stiffened inside with wire, while the narrow points should be of the ribbon only.

This tomato pincushion could easily be arranged to hang on the corner of a looking-glass by attaching a long loop of narrow, green silk ribbon very firmly to the top, just behind the green stalk. A round ball-shaped cushion would be made, and not too tightly fitted. It is covered with velvet; then the divisions would be made by drawing red baby-ribbon tightly down over the cushion; it must then be pressed on the top to flatten it, and the stalk sewn on.

are particularly lovely, especially when worn with a gold-buckle.

The reigning colors of the moment are gray and green, the latter especially in dark emerald, lettuce and spinach shades.

Lace Gaiters the Latest. The latest and the very smartest thing for summer wear are lace gaiters. They are made on a fine white lining, exactly the shape of the cloth gaiters we wear in the winter. The lace, of course, is of a rather heavy kind, as very fine lace would crease and not set so well. They button with little pearl buttons, and of course are cut and fitted with the greatest accuracy and care.

Tailored Gowns of Black Silk. There were several smart tailored costumes of black silk, writes a Paris correspondent of the Kansas City Star. One made with a Louis XIII habit had a handsome long, loose vest of white tulle, decorated with a raised embroidery. With another was a waistcoat of fish lace, with four hands.

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POULTRY AND BEES

A HILL-SIDE CHICKEN COOP.

Arrangement to Prevent Over-Crowding of Chicks.

Every year during the breeding season thousands of chicks are stunted and dwarfed by being over-crowded in undesirable coops. At the start these coops are all right for 15 or 25 chicks, but as the chicks grow larger



Coop Level Placed on Side Hill.

and the weather becomes warmer their condition is anything but healthful and conducive to rapid development, especially when the coop is closed at night.

I have adopted the plan of substituting a large roosting coop for each 30 or 40 chicks as soon as they are large enough to roost, writes a correspondent of New England Homestead.

This is made from a dry goods box four feet long, three feet wide and three feet high. The front and bottom are removed. Two strips are nailed perpendicular on the front corner projecting one foot below the bottom of the box. This raises the front and gives the roof the necessary pitch when facing a down hill position. Two strips nailed on each side form a support for perches which are fastened together by cross pieces so all may be removed at one operation to be sprayed.

We move this coop twice a week and it is always clean and fresh. The open front and bottom seem a little risky, considering the possibility of wandering cats, rats or weasels. But we are willing to run some risks if we can fill our own and customers' pens in the fall with large, robust stock. This one plan has enabled us to produce Orpingtons well up to standard size, which some fail to do. The accompanying sketch of coop will explain itself.

"SPORTS" AMONG BREEDS. Sports are very common among the breeds of poultry that have been created during the past 40 or 50 years. The old breeds, like the black Langshans, do not often produce sports, for the reason that they have been bred pure for many hundreds of years, perhaps for thousands of years. But modern breeds, like the Plymouth Rock, are given to producing sports.

On a Michigan farm the writer saw three pure white chickens that had hatched out of Plymouth Rock eggs. The owners thought they must have been imposed on in some way, but could not explain it. They were sure the eggs that had been put under the fowls were from their Plymouth Rock hens, but were unable to explain how they got the white chickens.

The result shown in the case is common. The Plymouth Rocks were made up of several breeds of birds, one of which was white. That white foundation crops out now and then in white birds. The White Plymouth Rocks were produced by simply breeding these birds till a strain was obtained that gave more white birds than of other colors. The White Plymouth Rocks should constantly throw colored sports for a long time to come, for they have in them the blood of barred Plymouths.

One of the weak points about modern breeds is this tendency to sport, which occurs in the general demonstration of the law of averages. There is nothing more certain than the truth of the law of averages, and this is the cause of the sporting. If in a Plymouth Rock strain there is one per cent, of blood of some pure white breed, about one per cent. of the birds produced should be all white. As a matter of fact the percentage is very much smaller than this, and that is why white birds are not so common as one in a hundred.

The breeders are constantly bringing out new breeds, and, of course, all of these new breeds have to be produced by crossing the old breeds. The more breeds the more sporting will occur. It takes many generations and constant selecting of the best to get birds to breed true to color or form. The sports of the breeds will always be a temptation to the young breeder to create a new breed, which he can do by in-breeding the sports.

The term summer fallow does not always mean the same. In one part of the country it merely means letting the land lie idle in the spring and summer till the weeds are grown, when the soil is plowed to kill the weeds. The soil is then left bare till a new crop of weeds appear, which are killed by a like plowing. The true meaning of summer fallow is to plow the land at the beginning of summer, leaving it bare during the summer for the purpose of resting it and permitting plant food to be set loose in it by means of the elements. This method is no longer much approved by agricultural scientists.

Give Chicks Charcoal. When chicks are fed mash it is a great benefit to them to add a little powdered charcoal to their food. Have the mash moist enough so the charcoal will stick. The chicks will soon learn to like it and will eat the mixture as readily as plain feed. When they get older feed the charcoal alone and see how they eat it. It is a fine thing to keep them healthy, for it is a great corrective, preventing fermentation of food in the crop, and for that reason is a great aid in warding off bowel complaint.

are particularly lovely, especially when worn with a gold-buckle.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Mrs. Sawyers is reported quite sick. Dr. Hughes has returned from Deputy.

Dr. Town spent Sunday at Harrisburg.

Barton Shipley spent Sunday in Chicago.

Mrs. Ethel Boone Campbell is in Indianapolis.

Ralph Gwinn of Noblesville spent Sunday here.

Mrs. Ida Cooper has returned from Terre Haute.

Dr. Hughes went to Louisville on Saturday night.

Theodore Kleinbub will attend the Attica Pow Wow.

Dan Potter and family spent Sunday in Coatesville.

Charlie Howard returned from Indianapolis last night.

Mrs. Connelly and daughter are visiting in Rockville.

John Haynes of Marion was the guest of friends Sunday.

Miss Edith Cain of Warren is the guest of Miss Alice Earle.

Paul Allen spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Mary Allen.

Prof. and Mrs. Neff of Chicago are visiting Mrs. C. S. Preston.

Mrs. Parks of Martinsville is visiting her sister, Mrs. Joslin.

Will Gifford of Indianapolis is visiting his mother, Mrs. A. Hirt.

Dr. C. S. Preston returned to Houston, Texas, yesterday at noon.

Denver Heustis has returned from his visit with relatives in Illinois.

J. M. Murphy has rented Mrs. Burner's property on South Indiana St.

Mrs. Mary Birch and daughter, Miss Helen, are visiting in Plainfield.

The Veronica Club met with Mrs. W. A. Beemer this afternoon at 2:30.

Dr. J. S. Hoagland and family spent yesterday with friends in Delmar.

Frank Kleinbub and family are spending a few days in Clinton township.

Mrs. Dr. Culbertson of Brazil was here Sunday with her niece Miss Eva Alley.

Mrs. Lank and Miss Lank have returned from their summer outing at Winona.

Dr. Stephenson is lecturing at the Teachers' Institute at Lawrenceburg this week.

Misses Era and Edna Bence and Mabelle Wright spent Sunday at Reelsville.

I pay the HIGHEST PRICES for

JUNK
of all kindsSCRAP IRON
RAGS
CARPETS
RUBBER
ZINC
BRASS
COPPER

All calls attended to promptly

J. F. COOPER

Phone 561 107 Franklin St.

COAL COAL COAL

We are located on the Ben Lukens old lumber yard grounds where we will handle all kinds of COAL.

(Near Vandalia Station)

We are ready to make you prices on

Block, Anthracite, Nut, Slack
or any kind or quality

We are in business to sell you any kind of Coal that you may desire and we can guarantee you the prices.

Give us a call or let us know your wants.

F. B. Hillis Coal Co.

OSCAR WILLIAMS, Manager
F. B. HILLIS.
FRANK SHOPTHUGH.

Ice Cream

25c a quart,
Packed

West Side Drug Store

D. E. BADGER
F. E. GREENDavid Davis was in Greencastle Monday enroute to Arkansas to visit Sam Doss.

C. B. Newman is moving to Dr. Evans' property, formerly occupied by Bert Stahl.

John L. Willshire has gone to Charleston, West Va., for an extended visit with home folks.

Mrs. H. S. Werneke and Mrs. Lily Allen are in Indianapolis attending the millinery openings.

Craig Smyser is with friends at Bay View. He will join his mother here some time this week.

Mrs. Alice Thomas and sons are home from Jeffersonville where they have been visiting relatives.

Ed. Kleinbub, Ed. Ackleman and Ben Harris spent Sunday with Charles Eltelorg in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson returned to Cloverdale after spending a pleasant day with home folks.

Miss Blanche Talbot has returned from an extended trip through Illinois, Kentucky and Wisconsin.

Mrs. Lillie Landes has taken rooms at Mrs. O'Daniel's and is now moving from her home on north College Ave.

Halstead and Irene Shelby returned Saturday from Indianapolis, where they have been spending the summer.

Jackson Boyd and Theodore Crawley went to Reelsville Monday to conduct a case of Louis vs. Mosler et al.

Prof. Guy West Wilson and family, who have been visiting Mrs. Jessie West Wilson, have gone to Carmel for a visit.

Ed. Hamilton is taking his vacation from the postoffice and went with the party to Eel River yesterday morning.

Miss Margaret and Louise Jordan returned Sunday night from Chicago where they have been making an extended visit.

Eliza Grantham left last night for a trip through Colorado. He will go to his farm in Wichita county, Kan., while in the west.

The Crescent Club will meet with Mrs. D. C. Hughes on Wednesday at 2:30 o'clock. A full attendance of the members is desired.

Mr. and Mrs. Crews, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hughes and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Young took supper in the park at Fillmore Sunday night.

Dr. Emma Barnaby, Mrs. Cheek, the Misses Mattie and Libbie Crouch and James Crouch have returned from a visit at Poland.

A car load of sheep and a carload of Angora goats passed through here enroute to Angola, Ind. The goats were unusually fine specimens.

Miss Marie Overstreet of New York City who has been visiting her sister, Miss Ida Overstreet, left yesterday for Paris, Ill., where she will visit.

Miss Mary Burk and Cora Gilton of Reelsville are attending the session of the Teachers' Institute. They are the guests of Miss Pauline Sharp.

Prof. Smyser and family of Delaware, Ohio, are spending a month with Greencastle friends. Prof. Smyser is doing institute work in Indiana.

Dr. C. S. Preston is having his yard leveled. A large quantity of dirt was dumped there by the Interurban and it is just now being prepared for sod.

Mr. and Mrs. Shoptaugh of Indianapolis visited home folks Sunday. She returned to her home this morning and he accompanied the camping party to Eel River.

Miss Helen Jones left at noon yesterday for Winslow at the foot of the Ozark Mountains, Arkansas, for a two weeks camping trip before leaving for Baldwin, Kansas.

S. B. Troell returned to Greencastle this morning after a visit with home folks. He and his son are hauling straw in that county for a Terre Haute paper company.

The annual Putnam County Sunday Convention will be held at Brick Chapel on Sept. 15. Mr. Jones states that there will be an all day session and that an elaborate program is making.

G. W. Sage, regular day operator is taking his annual vacation and R. A. Confer, formerly night man is filling his place. M. S. Harmon, one of DePauw's students handles the keys at the Big Four station.

Mrs. E. B. Houck and children, who have been visiting relatives here, went to Terre Haute Monday morning to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Stone, before returning to their home in Sullivan, Ill.

The Sunday School Convention of Warren township was held at Putnamville Sunday and an unusually large attendance and good interest was shown by all of the people. Those attending from Greencastle were T. C. Grooms and family and O. L. Jones and family. Next Sunday the convention will be held at Llimedale.

NOTICE!

Having purchased Ed Kohls' interests in the Greencastle Transfer Co., I wish to thank the public for past patronage. I will continue in the business and "want your trade."

Phone 50 H. W. GILL.

Dr. Town has returned from Lafayette.

Mrs. R. Bittles is visiting at Portland.

Richard Crouch is in Brazil on business.

Mrs. Alice Davis of Bainbridge is here today.

Dr. Gobin returned from Lafayette this afternoon.

George E. Blake was in Terre Haute yesterday.

Miss Ida Gibbons returned from Indianapolis today.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Smith are visiting in Morgan county.

Mr. Schoffenhors of Saline City is here on business today.

Massey Watkins of Roachdale is spending the day here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lynch are at home from Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Houck have returned from French Lick.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cabbage of Cardonia are spending the day here.

Miss Anna Stone has returned from an extended visit at Louisville, Ky.

Charles Williamson of Indianapolis is visiting Mrs. D. E. Williamson.

Dr. Fry joined the campers at Eel River this morning for a weeks vacation.

Mr. Pickens of Hastings, Neb., was in the city a few hours today on business.

Miss Clove Piper and daughter of Douglas, Kan., is visiting Mrs. Homer Evans.

Miss Nellie Mae Cutler of Louisville, Ky., is visiting Mrs. W. G. Overstreet.

One Fare
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

And Return VIA

Big Four Route

Account

41st Annual
Encampment

G. A. R.

Tickets sold Sept. 6, 7, 8, 1907. Return limit Sept. 7, 1907 with privilege of extension of return limit to Oct. 6, 1907, on payment of small fee.

For full information regarding tickets, rates and time of trains, call on agents "Big Four Route," or address the undersigned.

H. J. RHEIN, G. P. A., Cincinnati
G. P. O. 34-S W—H—W—F—Sp—8

Pennsylvania
—LINES—

FROM GREENCASTLE TO

Niagara Falls

\$7.50 Round Trip Aug. 21

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Daily Excursions to Norfolk

Tour of East with Stop-overs

Northwest West

Southwest

SPECIAL REDUCED FARES

FOR PARTICULARS call on J. S. DOWLING, Ticket Agent.

FERD LUCAS

DEALER IN

Real Estate, Insurance
and Coal

No. 21 S. Ind. St., Greencastle, Ind.
Phone 255.

Ladies' Hair

Washed or Shampooed

MISS ROXIE A. MILES

708 Depot Street

TIME TABLE.

The following is the time card of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Co., showing arrival and departure of cars at the Greencastle station:

Arrival	Departure
8:15 a.m.	6:25 a.m.
10:15 a.m.	8:25 a.m.
12:15 p.m.	10:25 a.m.
2:15 p.m.	12:25 p.m.
4:15 p.m.	2:25 p.m.
6:15 p.m.	4:25 p.m.
8:15 p.m.	6:25 p.m.
11:10 p.m.	8:25 p.m.
1:30 a.m.	10:25 p.m.

Indiana's Greatest Auction

80 High-class Hereford Cattle and
125 High-class Shropshire Sheep

TO BE SOLD

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1907, at Highland Farm, Milligan, Ind.

17 Bulls and 63 Cows and Heifers of the most fashionable families, representing the Cherry Boy, Imported Diplomat, Champion Dale, Imported Protector, March On 6th, Anxiety 4th, and other fashionable families. These are bulls fit to head any herd in the land. The cows and heifers in the sale are a very attractive lot.

25 Bucks and 100 Ewes. The foundation of this flock was imported from England by George Allen, Allerton, Ill.

Breeders who wish to strengthen their herds and flocks or wish to get the best to start with will find them in this sale.

The sheep sale will begin at 9 A. M. and the cattle sale at 12:30 P. M. Send for Catalog.

McCLAIN & BRIDGES, Milligan, Parke Co., Ind.

MAYONNAISE SALAD

The Art of Making it Generally Dependent on the Purity of the Olive Oil.

Mayonnaise salad is universally appreciated by people of taste as the best form of salad dressing. Every housekeeper knows that it is a decided art to produce first class mayonnaise. Much depends on the skill of the maker, his judgment, deftness of touch and quickness of eye in putting in the various ingredients, but still more depends upon the quality of the olive oil used. A poor quality of adulterated olive oil will spoil the results no matter how careful the user may be. The only kind of olive oil to be used in making mayonnaise is pure olive oil.

Pure olive oil is somewhat difficult to get but where Restuccia Olive Oil is sold the very best and purest product of the choicest Italian olive districts can be had at a reasonable price for the asking. Restuccia Olive Oil may be had in Greencastle from Jones' Drug Store for 50cents per pint.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

Mrs. H. A. Church is spending a few days in the country with Mrs. Albert Albaugh.

Grand concert and ice cream festival at the Christian church Thursday evening. Everybody come.

Mrs. John Spurgeon returned to Salem today after a short visit with Dr. W. W. Tucker and family.

Mrs. E. A. Hurt and daughter, Dena, of Indianapolis, are here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lynch.

Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. John Gregory and Master Harry have returned to Lafayette after a short visit with Nat Hammond and family.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hurst and daughter who live near Mt. Meridian left this afternoon for Kansas and Oklahoma where they will visit relatives.

James Morgan, a tramp tailor, arrested Monday afternoon for intoxication, was before the mayor this morning and fined \$11 for the offence. He went to jail.

The death of Miss Bertha Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, who live in West Putnam county occurred today at noon. She was a sister of Oscar Thomas of this city.

The Misses Cooper will give a lawn fete Saturday, the 24, for the benefit of the Llimedale church. It will be given at the home of their father near Llimedale. Everybody is invited.

Engine 357, in charge of Engineer Vaughn, pulling Monon train No. 5, was forced to give up train at Roachdale on account of a broken air pump Engine No. 200 in charge of Harry Evans, took the train to Bloomington.

Monon Route Excursions. To Jamestown Ter. Centennial Exposition, Tickets on sale, April 19 to Nov. 30.

Season tickets, \$27.80, sixty day, \$24.25, fifteen day \$20.25, ten day tickets on sale each Tuesday, \$14.75. Numerous concessions in way of stop offs and variable routes can be obtained.

Homeseekers excursions to Western and Southern States, on sale 1st and 3rd Tuesdays each month.

J. A. Michael, Agt.

Wanted—At once, vacant room in private house to store household goods. Call phone 601 or apply at 109 W. Walnut St.

Visiting Cards—Finest Engraving. 100 cards, script style, and new plate, \$1.50; 100 cards, from your own plate, \$1.00. Star and Democrat Office.

Wanted—I want to buy a good wheel at once. It must be in good condition and also cheap. Call at the Enterprise. Glenn Sears.

The Greencastle Herald

Published every evening except Sunday by The Star and Democrat Publishing Company at 12 and 13 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

F. C. TILDEN, C. J. ARNOLD
Editors.

Terms of Subscription

One Year, strictly in advance, \$1.00. City Carrier in City per week 6 cents. Advertising rates upon application.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Greencastle, Indiana, Postoffice.

HUMANITY AND STRIKES.

There are many instances in which human beings cease to be human. It is a regrettable fact that this is often true of labor troubles. There are inhuman wretches who beat and kill men whom they call "scabs" because they take the places made vacant by the strikers. This could be understood. It is the old animal savagery untempered by civilization. But often this inhumanity extends to innocent parties. In the teamsters strike in Chicago strikers refused to allow undertakers to bury the dead, and attacked hearse in which bodies were carried—an act as debased and inhuman as could be credited to the savagery of benighted Africa. Yesterday telegraph operators refused to receive and transmit calls sent by the dying to summon sons and daughters.

If Mr. Small, president of the union and director of the strike, sanctions this, then he deserves to lose all public sympathy, and should be made war upon as upon a poisonous insect. One man reaped his reward. Refusing to take a death message, he was later informed that it was from his own mother, who died without seeing him. If the heartlessness of such refusals could be brought home to each striker in as terrible a way, it would be a lesson well deserved, and, we hope, long remembered.

Louisville, Ky. Excursion.

Sunday, August 25th, the Monon Route will run a special excursion, Romney, Ind. and Intermediate stations up to Borden to Louisville, Ky. Train passes Greencastle at 5:45 a. m., returning, leaves at 8:20 p. m. Rate \$1.75.

J. A. MICHAEL, Agt.

Try a Herald Want Ad.

EXCURSION

TO

MICHIGAN CITY

and return

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21

VIA

Monon Route

Tickets good on all trains of August 21. Good returning within 30 days.

Rate \$4.00 Round Trip

=

VISIT THE

CONEY ISLAND OF THE WEST

On the shores of COOL LAKE MICHIGAN. Frequent excursion steamers for Chicago. Steamship THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the largest steamer on the Great Lakes, makes daily trip.

J. A. Michael, Agent

MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect July 22, 1906

NORTH BOUND.

to. 4. Chicago Mail, 1:23 a.m.
to. 6. Chicago Express, 12:33 p.m.
to. 10. Pch. Lick & Lafty. Ac. 9:32 a.m.
to. 12. Bedford and Lafty. Ac. 5:52 p.m.

SOUTH BOUND.

to. 2. Southern Mail, 2:13 a.m.
to. 8. Southern Express, 2:20 p.m.
to. 9. Lafty & Pch. Lick Ac. 5:21 p.m.
to. 11. Lafty & Bedford Ac. 8:26 a.m.
All trains run daily.

J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

Wanted—At once, vacant room in private house to store household goods. Call phone 601 or apply at 109 W. Walnut St.

Visiting Cards—Finest Engraving. 100 cards, script style, and new plate, \$1.50; 100 cards, from your own plate, \$1.00. Star and Democrat Office.

Wanted—I want to buy a good wheel at once. It must be in good condition and also cheap. Call at the Enterprise. Glenn Sears.

PURE
Manufactured ICE

We are prepared to serve our patrons with a good quality of manufactured ice every day.

CALL PHONE 257

GARDNER BROS

Warden's
Home-Made
BREAD

New England
Bakery

EAST SIDE SQUARE

Greencastle, Ind.

Phone 333

The Best
COAL

AT

Cheapest
Prices

C. A. CAWLEY

Phone 163

J. B. HARRIS
Ex-Deputy Recorder

To the Business men of Putnam County. I am making a

New Business
Directory

of Putnam County. get your ads ready for the Directory as I will call for them. Box 247. Greencastle Ind.

Box 247. Greencastle, Ind.

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